

door was open, so when the ugly rush for the aircraft began, I vaulted up that instead of the main door, brandishing my boarding card.

The aircraft was soon filled to the last seat, and staff had great difficulties in fending off the twenty or so people with valid boarding passes still waiting. A bit of help from police and army soon sorted that out. Ready for take-off? Not quite! A flight attendant approached the aisle passengers in the last row to inform them that they would have to leave – the seats were reserved for cabin crew during take-off and landing. No response. Soon the captain came on the intercom, “Ladies and gentleman . . . I am afraid that due to international regulations the cabin crew have to be seated during take-off . . . would the passengers in seats 12b and 12c kindly leave the aircraft”. They sat tight. The captain came to remonstrate. They were disinclined to listen. Back came the captain on the intercom, “Unless the passengers in seats 12b and 12c leave the aircraft immediately, I have no option but to call the authorities. Please leave the aircraft voluntarily”. The poker faces in 12b and 12c set even deeper, the rest of us trying to suppress any trace of smugness.

A few moments later a squad of special police burst in with submachine guns and bundled off the recalcitrant passengers, who were at least wise enough not to resist. Soon the flight attendant was on the intercom “Ladies and gentleman. Welcome on board this Nigeria Airways Fokker Friendship bound for Kaduna, Ibadan and Lagos. Our cruising altitude will be at 21,000 feet. The estimated flying time to Kaduna is 55 minutes. We wish you a pleasant flight”. Stoic lass – I don’t think I could have resisted a slight change of script, “I hope those of you who are still with us have a pleasant flight”!

Ironically, in Kano a week later, I was faced with the opposite situation. a small Fokker F-28 had been replaced by a DC-10, seating four times the number of passengers. Sixty passengers, clutching mounds of luggage (sensibly refraining from placing it at the tender mercy of Skypower’s baggage handling), ran for their lives across six hundred metres of heat-shimmering apron, to find themselves in a near-empty aircraft.

It is supposed to be better to travel hopefully than to arrive. Not with Skypower, in the 1980s, it wasn’t! You hoped to travel – arrival was proof! – TORBEN B. LARSEN, 358 Coldharbour Lane, London SW9 8PL.

***Eurois occulta* (L.) (Lep.: Noctuidae) apparently showing migratory restlessness**

On the night of 25.vii.1991, during a period of southeasterly winds, two Great Brocades *Eurois occulta* were found on sugar at my home address. Both were females of the pale grey immigrant form, and in pristine condition. They were the forerunners of a small invasion of eastern Britain that year (Skinner & Parsons, *Ent. Rec.* **108**: 151-157).

So that they could be photographed in daylight, each was put into a separate, suitably large container, and placed in a refrigerator kept solely for the purpose. When checked about an hour later, neither moth had settled down. Both were flying vigorously, and had already begun to damage themselves. The thermostat of the fridge was then turned down until the temperature inside was only just above freezing, yet still both moths feebly attempted to crawl and flutter. By morning, one was very badly worn, and the other moderately so.

After taking what were, by then, mainly voucher photographs, it was planned to release the moths at dusk. However, the more worn one of the two became so frenetic in its container that it was released at midday, and flew off strongly in a northerly direction.

Over the years, I have kept hundreds of moths overnight for later examination, breeding or photography, but have never encountered such extreme hyperactivity as was shown by these *E. occulta*. It brought to mind the pre-migratory restlessness well-known to occur in birds, for which the German term *Zugunruhe* is sometimes used (Campbell & Lack, 1985. *A Dictionary of Birds*. Poyser, Calton). It is thought that many migrant moths continue to fly onwards, even when they have reached an area of suitable habitat, until they have used up their metabolic resources, lipids (Young, M., 1997. *The Natural History of Moths*. Poyser, London). Certainly, these *E. occulta* seemed "programmed" to fly in spite of being almost torpid with cold. Perhaps it explains why this species is one of the more regular migrants to reach Britain from similar latitudes across the North Sea, yet the pale grey form never becomes established here: the migrants might continue to disperse after arrival, and become too thinly spread.— ROY LEVERTON, Whitewells, Ordiquhill, Cornhill, Banffshire AB45 2HS.

LT. COL. W.A.C. (SAM) CARTER

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Sam Carter on 8 February 1997. Readers will be aware that Sam was responsible for the production of the *Special Index* to this journal until the end of 1995 – a labour of love which he carried out to the highest standard of accuracy. The preparation of a species index requires a meticulous eye for detail and many hours of labour. Very few entomological journals now index their contents down to species level and it was entirely due to Sam that this journal continued to do so when others stopped. Anyone who has ever tried to track down literature references to a particular species will, like me, offer up a silent vote of thanks for Sam's endeavours.